The Godly Maid of *Leiceſter.*

Being a true Relation of *Elizabeth Stretton*, who lying upon her Death-bed, was wonderfully delivered from the Temptations of Satan, worthy the noting of all that would live and die in the fear of God.

The Tune is, *In Summer time.*

AMongſt the Wonders God hath ſhown,
within this Iſland and elſewhere,
A wonder ſtrange I will make known,
as ever any man did hear!
A vertuous Maid in Leiceſter dwelt,
who came of honeſt Parentage,
Temptations and afflictions felt,
although ſhe was of tender age.

Elizabeth Stretton was her name,
of converſation Godly given,
Gods holy Word was all her aim,
whoſe ſoul no doubt is now in Heaven;
Sore ſick ſhe was and ſick to death,
and in a trance for half an hour,
That people thought her vital breath,
extinguiſh'd was by deaths ſtrong power.

He that raiſ'd Lazarus from the dead,
did raiſe this Maid to life again,
When as they thought her life was fled,
and that by death ſhe had been ſlain,
At laſt with ſmiling countenance,
upon the company did look,
And ſaid ſhe had been in a Trance,
but Chriſt her ſoul had not forſook.

I have been in a Combat great,
even with the black Prince of the Air,
By craft, and by his ſtrong deceit,
did ſeek to bring me to deſpair,
But Chriſt doth ne'r forſake his Flock,
who evermore on him depend,
He was my Fortreſs and my Rock,
and brought my troubles to an end.

Satan. O ſilly ſoul the Divel ſaid,
in Chriſt why doſt thou put thy truſt,
In Hell with me thou muſt be laid,
and thy frail body turn to duſt.
Maid. I know my Corps to duſt muſt fall,
but my ſweet Chriſt redeem'd my ſoul,
I am his Child on him I call,
although my ſins are very foul.

Satan No ſinful Soul in Heaven may dwell,
alas poor wretch thou art deceiv'd.
Thy ſins will weigh thee down to Hell,
when death of life hath thee bereft.
Maid. Gods mercy is above my ſin,
who did protect me from my birth,
My Father knows where I have been,
amongſt vile ſinners here on Earth.

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The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

Whoſe bad example me did cauſe,
to walk beſide the path of Grace
I have broke all his ſacred Laws,
yet he my Soul doth ſtill imbrace,
When he perceiv'd my Faith ſo ſtrong,
Satan began to hide his head,
I did by him receive no wrong,
ſo preſently he vaniſhed.

He has no ſooner vaniſhed
but my ſweet Saviour appear'd to me,
When as you thought I had been dead,
my Soul her Saviour then did ſee.
Poor wretch ſaid he, Lo I will be,
thy Father, Husband, and Delight,
Thy ſinful Soul from Hell to free,
and overcome the Divels might.

I hid my Face, a little ſpace,
to try how patient thou wouldſt be,
I give thee Faith and means of Grace
and that ſufficient was for thee,
To overcome the Divels power.
the gates of Hell could not prevail,
I he'pt thee in a Bleſſed hour,
and thy poor Soul I will not fail.

Go tell thy friends where thou haſt bin,
and how my Children I protect,
Now I have pardoned thy ſin,
and all the ſins of my Elect.
With Oyl he did anoint my Soul,
my Head, and all my Body o'r,
He did forgive my ſins moſt foul,
I praiſe his holy Name therefore,

Now I my Saviours love have again,
I nothing in this World do crave,
But that I once were free from pain,
and fairly laid within my Grave.
All you that ſtand about my Bed,
ſee that the Lord above you fear,
And think on this when I am dead,
that you your courſe ſo well may ſteer.

For I have fought a happy Fight,
and overcome me, by Gods good Grace,
The Divel in his power and might,
and run with Comfort now my Race.
From henceforth is laid up for me,
a Crown of Immortality,
Where I ſhall very ſhortly be,
with Heavenly Saints that never die.

Unto Gods Ordinance let's go,
in the Week-days with due reſpect,
Think not the time ill ſpent, all you
that Count your ſelves as Gods Elect
As well as on the Sabbath-day,
as I have done, as you do know,
For I to you may truly ſay,
I find the comfort of it now.

Let none Gods Ordinance contemn,
the means of their Salvation,
Let not the Divel prevail with them,
to bring them to Damnation.
I praiſe my God in all my grief,
I never loſt my hold of Grace,
When other folks were bent to ſtrife,
I held the Church the chiefeſt place.

And therefore mind me what I ſay,
before your Glaſs be run,
Though other people go aſtray,
go forwards as you have begun,
And meddle not with them that are
contentious any kind of way,
But ever let it be your care,
Gods holy Ordinance to obey.

For thoſe that will not ſerve him here
in Heaven with him ſhall never dwell
Therefore my Friends now have a care
that you may ſcape the pains of Hell.
So farewell Friends, farewell to all,
I'm going to a better place.
Let not the Divel bring you to thrall,
nor fondly loſe your hold of Grace.

Lord Jeſus now receive my Soul,
I do bequeath the ſame to thee,
O Lord forgive my ſins moſt foul,
and ſo to Heaven paſſed ſhe;
And ſo departed ſhe in peace,
to Heaven with Angels to remain,
The Lord above gave her releaſe,
from her Afflictions, Grief and Pain.

Let People mind her dying words,
if in Heaven they would live,
Her Life and Death ſo much affords,
and Heavenly comfort now doth give.
O Lord, give us all Grace, that we
may live to him and die to ſin,
Our Life and Death ſhall happy be,
though in a wicked world we've been.

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